

# THE GETTYSBURG TIMES.

Vol. X. No. 214

Gettysburg, Pa. Tuesday June 25 1912

Price Two Cents

## We Ask Your Attention

To our lines of children's OXFORDS, which we know are comprehensive and up-to-minute in style and fit.

Patents, Gun-Metals, Velvets, Tans, White Canvas in an assortment of nobby patterns; Two Strap, One Strap, Roman Sandal, Barefoot Sandal, Blucher Lace. If we haven't mentioned the kind you want, let us know, we'll try to obtain it for you.

Eckert's Store, "On The Square"



## WIZARD THEATRE

Kalem Eclipse Edison  
Archibald Chubb and the Widow—Comedy  
See how Chubb senior and junior, cooked up little scheme and how it worked.  
Outwitting Father  
A comedy of altogether different sort.  
The Kidnapped Conductor  
A big laugh all through.  
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A story which will touch the heart strings of every one who sees it.

## Out Door Sporting Goods

Tennis Rackets \$1.50 to \$8.00

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Most everything in stock if not we get it on short notice

FRANK TREICHLER, Ph. G., Manager.

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## NEW PHOTOPLAY Three Good Reels

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There isn't a man in the world more entitled to good looks, good clothes and good luck than yourself.

Lippy Clothes are the kind that put you right.

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Reductions on all Summer Suitings, Straw Hats, Wash Ties and other Summer Wear.

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HASERDASHER

If you want a High Priced Pump—at a low price—call this week—Save 50c to \$1.00 per pair.

Big bargains in "Shirt Waists."

THOMAS BROTHERS

BIGLERVILLE.

THOMAS BROS. on the Square for a Square Deal.

## BIG 10c CHINA SALE

To reduce our stock of China, we have marked a lot of odd pieces in all sorts of decorations to 10c. Some prices were 25c, some 35c, and some 50c. The lot includes plates, cups and saucers, mayonnaise sets, sugars and creams, etc.

SALE TO LAST ALL WEEK.  
DON'T FORGET TO GET YOUR FREE STAMPS ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26th, RED LETTER DAY.

Gettysburg Department Store.

## Biglerville Building Lots.

I have for sale

SEVERAL OF THE FINEST BUILDING LOTS IN BIGLERVILLE

Situated on the west side of High street. Have a frontage of 52 feet and a depth of 177 feet. Concrete pavements. Water main easily accessible. Good elevation, and altogether the most desirable lots in the town now offered for sale.

Call, write or telephone

PHILIP R. BIKLE,  
Gettysburg Times Office.

## HACKMEN VOICE THEIR DESIRES

Gettysburg's Battlefield Guides Given Hearing before the Committee from Town Council. Want Horses, not Wagons, Licensed.

Gettysburg's hackmen and liverymen appeared Monday evening before a specially appointed committee of town council, to present their views on the provisions of a new hack license ordinance which is to be drafted and presented to the council. The present ordinance in effect for, about twelve years, is recognized to be at fault and does not provide any license for automobiles.

Monday evening's two hour session was held in the office of J. L. Butt who, with J. A. Tawney, John D. Keith and Borough Attorney Wible, represented council. Mr. Shealer, of council, was also present together with a good representation of hackmen and liverymen.

Under the ordinance now in force the license is \$5.00 for a one horse vehicle, \$10.00 for a two horse vehicle and \$20.00 for a four horse vehicle; provided, however, that after two licenses of any denomination have been lifted all others can be secured at \$3.00 each no matter what the size of the wagon. This ordinance is objected to by the men with one and two horse teams on the ground that the large liverymen take out two \$5.00 licenses for one horse wagons and then pay \$3.00 for all their larger vehicles, including their twenty passenger wagons.

All the men who appeared before council Monday evening urged that instead of licensing wagons all horses be licensed and tagged.

Mr. Keith expressed his opinion that the only just and equitable way of imposing license would be on the passenger carrying capacity of each vehicle. In this way each man would pay a sum proportionate to his hauling capacity on any one day. The scheme as outlined by Mr. Keith would be as follows:

A man with a four passenger team would pay a certain sum, say \$5.00. One with an eight passenger wagon would pay \$10.00 and one with a twenty passenger vehicle \$25.00 or \$5.00 for each passenger carrying capacity. The "passenger carrying capacity" would be taken as a basis and the amount to be charged per "passenger carrying capacity" would be fixed later, four passengers and \$5.00 simply being taken to show the working of such an ordinance.

It could be so arranged that a man with two four passenger wagons and an eight passenger wagon could take out two four passenger licenses and use them either separately or on the large wagon provided, however, that if he ever had all three wagons in use at one time he would have to take out licenses covering the total passenger carrying capacity of all three.

This scheme, the hackmen agreed, would be fair but would work great hardship on the larger liverymen, J. A. Heltzworth, for instance, stating that at a \$5.00 basis his licenses would run him \$125.00 a year which would be prohibitive.

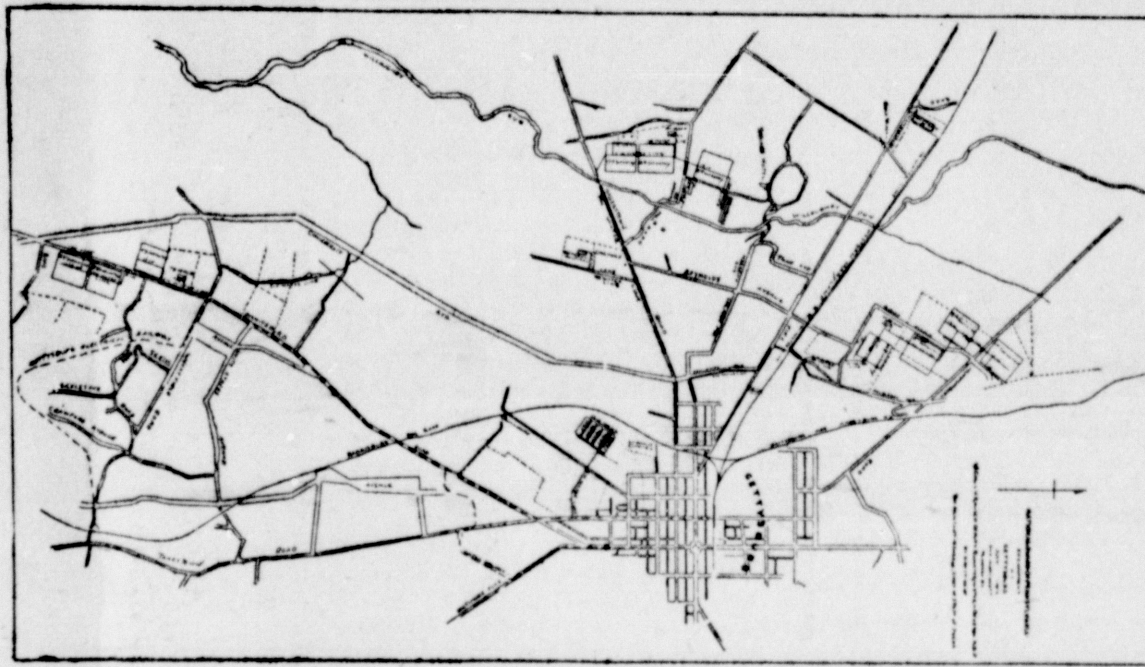
It was then suggested that there would be a maximum for the \$5.00 per four passenger arrangement and that after that was reached, a small license could be charged on the balance. Here, however, one of the purposes of the new ordinance would be defeated, namely charging automobiles of high passenger-carrying capacity a large sum, for the larger the car the smaller proportionate license would be charged under a maximum license.

It was stated by the committee of council that the reason the proposition of taxing horses would not do was because both horse-drawn and motor-driven vehicles would have to be licensed on the same basis and passenger-carrying capacity was the only common ground which could be secured. It is also doubtful whether horses could be legally licensed for such purpose.

Whether or not automobiles could be charged at all was brought up, and it was shown conclusively that the fact that they pay state license does not relieve them from paying a borough license for hauling passengers for pay and the automobile men will have to pay the same as any others.

There is also some question whether or not regularly established liverymen could be forced to pay. It was the opinion of Mr. Keith that they could not be compelled to do so unless they solicited trade on the streets. As practically all do this, all would have to pay license.

All felt that all licenses should be the same whether for one year's use or only for a day and the meeting adjourned with members of the committee stating that it was their opinion the licenses should be imposed with passenger carrying capacity as a basis, with a slightly higher rate for automobiles, on account of greater speed and capacity for more trips. They will report their recommendations at a subsequent meeting of council.



PLAN FOR N. G. P. CAMP, JULY 22-31, 1912

## GOVERNOR TENER WILL BE IN CAMP

Pennsylvania's Chief Executive to Camp with State Militia at Gettysburg in July. Preparations to Transfer People.

Governor Tener has announced his intention to camp with the Pennsylvania militia at Gettysburg this year and he will be under canvas as commander-in-chief of the division. In doing this he follows the precedent established by other governors who have spent a week or ten days in the field watching maneuvers, taking part in the inspections and reviewing troops. A grand review will be a feature of this year's encampment as in other years.

The problem of getting visitors to and from the camp will be one which will require considerable time to solve. It has been suggested that both the Reading and the Western Maryland road trains as near to the camp as possible, the former stopping at the Mount Airy road and the latter at the cut west of town. The Western Maryland did this for the camp of instruction two years ago, though there was not much demand for the service, the number of visitors to that camp being comparatively small.

It is expected that a number of large automobiles will be brought to Gettysburg for camp week. They will be used principally for the conveyance of soldiers at night. The fact that the trolley will reach only the Fourth Brigade leaves a large portion of the camp to be accommodated by other means. Of course, Gettysburg's hackmen may be relied upon to be available at all times and they look forward to a busy ten days.

### GEORGE TRUMP

George Trump, about sixty three years old, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Pierce Emig, of near East Berlin, on Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mr. Trump had been confined to his bed for the last two weeks, but had been suffering from dropsy for a number of years. He was a former resident of Spring Grove. The following children survive: two sons, Howard, who resides in California, and Leonard, who is a resident of the state of Michigan, and five daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Trump, Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Clara Becker, Halfway, Mich., Mrs. Charles Fultz, Raitingtown, Pa.; Mrs. Anna Kessler, North Codorus township, York county; and Mrs. Pierce Emig, of near East Berlin.

Funeral Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Pierce Emig, with whom he has resided for a number of years. Brief services conducted by the Rev. W. H. Miller, pastor of the Reformed church, East Berlin. Further services at the Mt. Zion Reformed church, Spring Grove, the Rev. T. W. Wells, pastor, officiating. Interment in the Spring Grove cemetery.

### HANOVER CHAUTAUQUA OPENS

The Hanover Chautauqua opened its first session Sunday afternoon by concert by Cricillo's Italian band and religious motion pictures in the evening, depicting the "Life of Christ." The sessions were free. Monday there was the first of a series of lectures, the Walter Bentley Ball Concert company, Paul M. Pearson in a lecture, recital, and "Seeing America," an illustrated lecture. The attendance has been large and much interest manifested.

### BOLIN—MYERS

Bernard Bolin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bolin, of McSherrystown, and Miss Florence Myers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Myers, of Hanover, were married in St. Mary's rectory, McSherrystown, Sunday evening, following church service. After the ceremony they returned to the bride's home, where they will reside.

KINDLING for sale. Hotel Gettysburg.

THE soft shell crabs are always fresh at Raymond's Auto Kitchen.

## NOVEL SCHEME TO HANDLE CROWDS

Carlisle Plans Celebration before and after Battle Anniversary. Will Keep Crowds from Rushing on to Gettysburg.

A new idea in connection with the fiftieth anniversary celebration at Gettysburg next year has been launched in the proposition to have big events in the nearby towns for several days before and after the Gettysburg affair. It is expected that through co-operation with the Pennsylvania committee which will have charge of the anniversary that Carlisle will have on days, possibly just before and after the first three days of July, next year, historic celebrations of great interest to all Americans. These celebrations will probably be used as buffers to prevent a sudden in rush and outflowing so far as Gettysburg is concerned.

One celebration which is now a fixed project, and for which plans are being laid, is the celebration of the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the signing of the early Indian treaty with the whites which was known in early American history as the "League of Amity." An educational conference of broad proportion is also projected for Carlisle next year.

The Chambersburg "Public Opinion" in discussing 1913 says: "Chambersburg and other towns in southern Pennsylvania that lie close to Gettysburg are awakening to the urgent need of early preparation for the enormous crowds which are expected to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg which will be held on the famous battlefield on the first three days of July 1913.

"That the C. and G. trolley does not connect the two towns will mean a big loss to Chambersburg and the company that owns the trolley line. Hundreds of people would go to the big reunion by way of Chambersburg if the trolley were built.

"Twenty-five thousand automobiles driven from points as far away as the middle west are expected to take in this mid-summer reunion.

"To accommodate automobile travelers, representations are now being made to Pennsylvania's highway authorities with a view of giving automobilists an inlet and outlet over first class state roads to Carlisle and Harrisburg which are expected to take care of the overflow crowds. A plan to finish the state road now connecting Harrisburg and Mechanicsburg with Carlisle and then running due south 25 miles to Gettysburg it is thought will enable automobile travelers to take in the historic section of Pennsylvania which has figured so conspicuously in all epochs of American history."

### 15TH ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dougherty, Hanover street, were agreeably surprised on Monday evening when about fifty of their friends gathered in celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. They presented Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty with a beautiful cut glass dish. Refreshments were served and all spent a pleasant evening.

### LUTHERAN REUNION

The 25th annual Lutheran reunion will be held on Thursday, July 26th, at Pen Mar.

There will be addresses by Dr. W. A. Granville, and Rev. J. M. Reimsnyder, D. D., and others. Hon. Theodore Roosevelt has been invited and may be present.

### COMING EVENTS

June 28—Teachers' examinations. High School Building.

July 4—Driving Matinee. Track west of Gettysburg.

July 22-31—Division encampment.

National Guard of Pennsylvania. July 27-Aug. 5—Annual Chautauqua and Lutheran Summer Assembly.

## HAPPENINGS ABOUT TOWN

Incidents of the Hackmen's Hearing. Personals and Items of News Interest.

The Tuesday market was the winner for this year, fifty one wagons supplying a fine variety of fruits, vegetables and country produce.

The interest in the proposed Sunday School base ball league seems to be very keen and if preliminaries are satisfactory a large attendance at the games may be expected.

Edward S. Frey, John Dohbling and others from York concerned in the proposed road improvements in this section were registered at Hotel Gettysburg on Monday.

Farmers have been cutting their hay for some days and now expect to start the wheat harvest the early part of next week. Sunday's heavy rains made the ground too wet for operations for several days.

At the meeting of hackmen Monday evening the arguments grew quite warm at times. At one heated moment one man offered to bet another \$100 that he didn't know what he was talking about.

Dr. and Mrs. Granville entertained at a dinner at their home on the College Campus Monday evening.

The licensing of draymen was urged by one hackman at Monday night's meeting.

Local police circles have been quiet for some days, a few rather noisy characters being the only ones who have required attention. The police have the lock-up in nice clean condition so that the inmates find it rather inviting.

The successful start of the Gettysburg Summer School augurs well for increased attendance in coming years and many think that Gettysburg is destined to have quite an institution here during June and July in years to come.

Miss Ada Walter, of Fairfield, has returned home from a two weeks' visit to New Holland, Lancaster, Mt. Joy, Manheim, Ephrata, Lititz and Millersville.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. King, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Musselman, two daughters, Mabart and Lorraine, of Fairfield, and Roy H. Myers, of York, spent Sunday with A. T. Myers and family on route 5.

Mrs. Ruth Faber has returned from a visit of several days with friends in York.

The following were recent guests at the home of J. Calvin Nau, Mr. and Mrs. Howard DeGroot, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Steward Clifford Lynne, of Newark, Delaware; Mrs. Andrew DeGroot, of Littlestown, and Miss Serena DeGroot, of near Littlestown. Mr. Nau and family attended the annual Nau reunion at Natural Dam last Thursday.

The Knights of Maccabees will meet Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Election of officers and other important business.

### STATE TEACHERS TO MEET

The State Teachers' Association which has in charge matters concerning the betterment of the profession, will meet at the Department of Education auditorium at Harrisburg, next Friday, and take up the subjects of teachers' pensions and permanent positions, which have been under discussion for some time. It is expected that a committee will be created to prepare legislation covering both subjects.

### SPECIAL MESSAGE

President Taft on Monday sent a special message to congress recommending the immediate appropriation of \$1,350,000 for use of the war department in the joint maneuvers of the Regular Army and the National Guard next month at Mt. Gretna and other points.

COOKING in hot weather no fun, We'll eat at Raymond's Auto Kitchen.

## LETTERS FROM COUNTY TOWNS

Correspondents send in Many Items of Interesting News from their Respective Towns. Personals and Many Brief Items.

### IRON SPRINGS

Iron Springs, June 25—Mrs. James Musselman and son, Samuel, of Harrisburg, are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Walter at Fairfield Station.

Mrs. William Allison and two daughters, Clara and Mildred, made a business trip to Gettysburg on last Thursday.

G. W. Wortz, of Hanover, visited his son, H. L. Wortz and family, of Hanover, last week.

Mrs. John Bigham visited her mother, Mrs. William Flohr at Thurmout, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shriner, of near the Stone Church, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bowling on Wednesday last.

Gifford and Naomi Hummelbaugh visited the former's grandmother, Mrs. E. W. Hartnagh, and her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spence, at Orranna, over Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. O. B. Lightner and daughter, Tressie, of Mt. Hope, visited her daughter, Mrs. Elmer Bennett recently.

Nellie Heagy has the measles. Mr. and Mrs. William Allison and daughter, Mildred, visited Mrs. John Allison at Goldenville over Sunday.

### HOW THE COWS ESCAPED

Albert McCreary, who was a boy at Gettysburg when the great battle was fought, contributes his recollections to the July number of "McClure's Magazine." This is a specimen of what a boy remembers:

"We had an old cow that had been in the family for years, and the morning of the first day of the fight we had put her in pasture as usual. This pasture was near the edge of town. Of course, we saw nothing of her during the three days of fighting. Often one of us would say, 'wonder what has become of the old cow.' The general opinion was that we had seen the last of her. On the morning of the fourth day, father, my brother and I took a walk over the field to see if we could find any trace of her. We saw many terrible sights. Dead soldiers were lying around thick, dead horses, and many cow skins and heads; from this last we soon came to the conclusion that our cow had been killed for food like the rest, so we gave her up. As we were eating supper one evening a week or more after the battle, we heard a familiar bellowing in the street. Everybody sprang from the table and rushed out. There stood our dear old cow, looking as happy as it is possible for a cow to look at being home again. We petted and hugged her in our pleasure at finding her alive, and soon had her in the stable in her own familiar stall. Then we discovered that she had a bullet hole in her neck and one in her side. She was not severely hurt, however, and both bullets came out eventually. We found out later that all the cows in that particular field had got out in some way the first day of the fight and wandered off about ten miles from town, beyond the firing line. After the battle, they all found their way back to town."

### REBUILDING DAM

The rebuilding of the dam on the Big Conowing Creek at Waldheim, near New Oxford, is progressing satisfactorily under the direction of Contractor Moul, of Hanover, and when done it will greatly benefit not only the numerous cottagers in that vicinity, but the Conowing Milling Company, whose mill it supplies with water power. The dam is about 228 feet wide and will be composed mostly of concrete. The old crib dam was partly washed away by high water last year and it is to repair this damage that the present work was undertaken. The engineer is Robert B. McKinnon, of York. A feature of the work will be the emptying of an eight foot pool of water below the dam breast, this pool being about 300 feet wide and about 50 feet long. It is believed that when it is emptied an interesting sight will be presented. This will be necessary in order that the workmen can encase the old structure in concrete.

### MRS. CATHARINE FRY

Mrs. Catharine Fry died at her home in Carlisle at seven thirty Monday morning, aged about 78. She went there last week from Hastings, Cambria county, to reside. Three children survive, Mrs. Amos Zimmerman and Mrs. Harvey Weigle, of Carlisle, and Samuel, of Hastings. She was a member of the United Brethren church of Latimore, where she formerly resided.

FOR SALE: cherries 3 to 8 cents a quart. L. D. Plank route 2, two miles south of Gettysburg.



# THE GETTYSBURG TIMES

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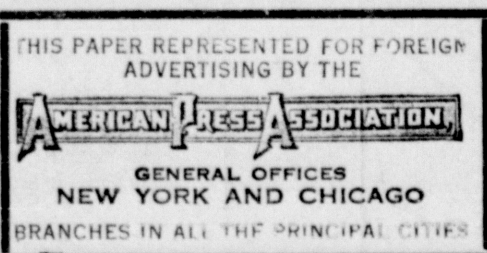
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BELL PHONE: UNITED PHONE  
Office in Northwest corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.



Want ads. 1 cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Resolutions of respect, poetry and memorials 1 cent per word.

## TO OUR READERS

The Gettysburg Times takes absolutely no part in politics, being neutral on all such matters. Anything that appears in general news columns, concerning state or national politics, is furnished us by The American Press Association, a concern which gives the same news to Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, or Socialist papers and which is strictly non-partisan.

Our advertising columns are open to all candidates of all parties.

## Head Aches? Go To Your Doctor

Headaches.	Headaches.	Headaches.	Headaches.
Biliousness.	Biliousness.	Biliousness.	Biliousness.
Constipation.	Constipation.	Constipation.	Constipation.
Ayer's Pills.	Ayer's Pills.	Ayer's Pills.	Ayer's Pills.

If your doctor says this is all right, remember it!

## --WHIPS FREE--

\$1.00 Raw Hide Whip Free with every set of Harness purchased from us this month.

We have several bargains.

We have a few BUGGIES we will sell at cost.

ADAMS COUNTY  
HARDWARE CO.

## "Look In Our Hat Window"

Any Hat In Window

10 cts.

C. B. KITZMILLER.

## HELP WANTED

40 Men and Boys and 75 Women

None under fourteen years of age.

Our office at **Gardners** will be open **June 29th**, rain or shine, to receive applications for employment, and also of those desiring to take boarders. We expect to begin operations the first week in August.

We also need more help at our Biglerville Plant.

MUSSELMAN CANNING COMPANY

## To Automobile Owners

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK that an accident causing serious injury to some one, may cost you several times as much as your car cost you? That damage to the property of another person may involve you in very heavy expense? That your car may be totally destroyed, or so injured by collision that it will cost you a large amount of money to have it repaired? CAN YOU AFFORD to be without insurance which covers all these risks? Drop me a card or call me on the phone and let me explain to you the value of such a policy.

G. C. FISSEL,

Masonic Building - - - - - Gettysburg, Pa.

## DEMOCRATS MEET IN BALTIMORE

Convention Called to Order by Chairman Mack.

BRYAN OPPOSES PARKER

Nebraska Carries Fight For Temporary Chairman to Floor of Convention—May Preside Himself.

Baltimore, Md., June 25.—The Democratic national convention was called to order in the Fifth Regiment Armory this afternoon by Norman E. Mack, chairman of the national committee. Secretary Urey Woodson read the call for the convention and then the delegates listened to a prayer by Cardinal Gibbons.

Former Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, was chosen as the candidate for temporary chairman by the national committee. Parker received 31 votes, Senator-elect Ollie James, of Kentucky, 20, and Senator O'Gorman, of New York, 2.

As a result of this action William J. Bryan will carry his fight against Parker to the floor of the convention and a bitter struggle is in sight. The Commoner himself will be a candidate against the New York jurist, if he fails to find a progressive that will suit.

If anything were needed to convince the delegates that Colonel Bryan is willing to try it again it was the story that leaked out from Bryan's private council room that he is putting the finishing touches on a speech that he considers much better than the "cross of gold, crown of thorns," oration that stamped the convention of 1896 for him. Mr. Bryan let his close friends know that he has been working on his speech for two months. Nobody doubts that he will spring it. And one of the big guesses of the convention is what will happen afterwards.

### Leaders Consult Bryan.

Mr. Bryan lost no time in rounding up his adherents. The elevators at the Hotel Belvidere were crowded with westerners and southerners who had flocked to consult him. And there were agents from the Wilson and the Clark camps, a few conservatives who hoped that they could persuade the colonel to drop the Parker fight, and many Bryanites who are for the Nebraska any old time and on any sort of a proposition. Mr. Bryan received his callers in his bedroom and spoke his mind stiffly. Every man that left him carried away the word that Bryan would make the convention absolutely progressive or else start a row that would be as lively as the other affair.

John T. McGraw, of West Virginia, was one of the first in line to see Mr. Bryan. He is a Wilson man, but he wants peace. When he came out he said he gave it to Mr. Bryan straight from the shoulder, but that Mr. Bryan had some very set notions about the people who were trying to ruin the chances of the Democratic party. Luke Lea, the young senator from Tennessee, also had a talk with Bryan and then there was a staid procession to see Bryan.

The surprise of the day was when William R. Hearst squeezed into an elevator and dropped off at Mr. Bryan's floor. Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan had a fifteen minute talk. Neither would say what it was about. He refused to say whether he would support Judge Parker and added:

"I am here, merely as a reporter myself."

Senator Ollie James said that Mr. Bryan had asked him to contest the temporary chairmanship against Parker, but that he had told Mr. Bryan that he could not do it. He said he believed Bryan was right in the fight that he was making and that he intended to support him. A little later, however, the Kentucky delegation caucused and decided to back up whatever action the national committee took.

### Bryan May Be Chairman.

It was learned that Mr. Bryan himself would take the temporary chairmanship if he could get nobody else. He did not like the suggestion that was made that he drop the Parker fight and act as permanent chairman.

National Committeeman P. L. Hall, of Nebraska, after a chat with Bryan, said that he would present Bryan's name on the floor of the convention for temporary chairman. Mr. Bryan told Mr. Hall and others of his callers that he would serve if he had to. He made this statement:

"It makes no difference to me what the national committee does. If the committee recommends Parker the fight will be carried to the floor of the convention, and if I cannot get any other progressive as a candidate for temporary chairman I will be a candidate myself."

Efforts were made to get from Mr. Bryan a straight-out declaration as to whether he is actively a candidate for the nomination for president. He brushed these inquiries aside, saying the important thing at present was the selection of a progressive temporary chairman.

That an open break between the Clark forces and Bryan is impending was the opinion of Democratic leaders. The Murphy-Taggart combination, which stands behind Parker, openly declares that Bryan is for Wilson, and is only waiting the proper moment to

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Democratic Leader Who Is Fighting Parker.



come out for the New Jersey candidate. This also is the view held by the Democratic reorganizers from Pennsylvania.

There was much talk among the reorganizers that the Bryan ticket would be: Wilson for president.

Marshall for vice president. The conservative combination, in figuring out the vote, claim between 600 and 700 votes for Parker. They say the only votes that would be cast against the judge would be the votes of the united Wilson strength.

Senator Luke Lee, of Tennessee, after calling on Bryan, said he had no doubt the Clark managers were trying to arrange a trade with the New York and other conservative delegations. He said he did not believe Clark could deliver his total strength on the Parker vote.

Clark leaders scored a point when they persuaded William R. Hearst to support Parker and, accordingly, to accept the dominance of Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany chieftain. Mr. Hearst's secretary denied a story that was made public from Clark headquarters, but when the Clark people were told of the denial, they declared the story was true despite it.

### Wilson Leaders Move.

Another feature of the developments was the stand taken by the Wilson men. Seeking to prevent the election of Judge Parker as temporary chairman, supporters of the New Jersey governor instructed Robert S. Rudolph, national committeeman from New Jersey, to vote for Senator-elect Ollie James, of Kentucky, an avowed Champ Clark man.

"We cast our support with Ollie James," said Mr. Rudolph, "even though he is a Clark man. We do this because the cause of the people and progressive Democracy shall not fail, or if it fails, the responsibility will be upon others and not upon us."

In a statement Mr. Rudolph urged all progressives to join in fighting Parker's election.

## PALMER IS ELECTED TO SUCCEED GUFFEY

Made National Committeeman For Pennsylvania.

Baltimore, June 25.—Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer was chosen by acclamation as national committeeman from Pennsylvania at a meeting of the state delegation held at the Hotel Stafford.

There were sixty-five of the seventy-six delegates of the state present. The absentees were eight delegates from Philadelphia, followers of Ryan and Donnelly, and three from Pittsburgh, led by W. J. Brennan.

The absence of these delegates was opposition of a passive nature and no attempt will be made to contest on the floor of the convention this action taken.

The meeting was called to order by George W. Guthrie, chairman of the Democratic state committee. He was made permanent chairman of the delegation. James F. Blakeslee was made permanent secretary. The name of Woodrow Wilson was vigorously cheered each time it was mentioned.

Other nominations made were: Vance C. McCormick, of Harrisburg, committee on credentials.

Warren Worth Bailey, committee on resolutions.

Congressman S. F. Graham, of Pittsburgh, to notify the next president.

Asher R. Johnson, of McKean county, to notify the vice president.

The meeting of the delegation was enthusiastic and victory seemed to be in the minds of all present. Congressman Palmer offered a resolution opposing the naming of Judge Parker and it was received with cheers.

The resolution, which specifically instructed Colonel Guffey to oppose the selection of Parker for temporary chairman, but which in reality shows the sense of the delegation on the question, was overwhelmingly adopted.

## LABOR LEADERS HELD IN CONTEMPT

Gompers Given Year and Morrison Six Months.

FORMER ATTACKS SENTENCE

John Mitchell Was Summoned Too Late to Appear and Will Be Sentenced Later.

Washington, June 25.—Justice Wright, of the District of Columbia supreme court, found Samuel Gompers, Frank Morrison and John Mitchell, of the American Federation of Labor, in contempt of court for violating an injunction issued against the boycott in the Bucks Stove and Range company's case.

Justice Daniel Thew Wright announced the decision of the court. It covered seventy-two closely typewritten pages and took about two hours to read.

Bondsman were on hand and attorneys for the labor men gave notice of an intention to file an appeal to have the supreme court of the United States review the judgment.

The charge was that the three men as officers of the American Federation of Labor, through the organization's official publication, had disregarded Justice Gould's injunction against the publication of the Bucks Stove and Range company's name in its "boycott list."

Justice Wright read a bitter denunciation of the labor leaders and declared that the American Federation of Labor "designedly suppressed the truth of the situation" in its fight against the stove company. The "unfair" list and the "we don't patronize" list merely were synonymous of "boycott" he ruled.

Taking up the defiance of the respondents to the court's decree, Justice Wright stated they constituted themselves into a tribunal to defy the legality of the court's orders for the purpose of carrying out their own designs in the campaign in question. He cited the expression, "Go to — with your injunction" in one of Gompers' utterances, to demonstrate the defiance of the labor leaders, and declared that Gompers' hostility to the court and "revolutionary determination" was further emphasized by a speech he made at the Jamestown Exposition.

Editorials in the Federationist, he said, further carried out the design of the officials. These appeared in January and February, 1908.

Justice Wright also read excerpts from speeches and statements of Vice President Mitchell, wherein the latter expressed his attitude toward the court and injunctions, one statement being:

"If a judge could enjoin me from exercising the right of free speech I should feel compelled to exercise my constitutional liberty."

The labor men were tried twice. They were adjudged guilty on the first trial, and Gompers was sentenced to a year, Mitchell nine months and Morrison six months in jail.

After Gompers had been sentenced he attacked the decision, declaring that while "Justice Wright lives in our time, his decision and sentence disclose a mental concept of more than two centuries ago, when the workman was either a slave or a serf. Information just came to me that the decision was completed more than a month ago, but withheld until after the close of the Chicago Republican national convention. If true, the inference is obvious."

### WANTS U. S. TO INTERVENE

Cuban Rebel Leader Declares He Will Hold Out Until Americans Come.

Santiago, Cuba, June 25.—General Pedro Ivenet, the rebel leader, according to a report based on good authority, declared that he will not surrender until intervention by the United States, which he desires, as he is convinced that the Cuban government will never repeal the Morua law prohibiting the formation of political parties on racial lines.

The bodies of four soldiers, believed to have belonged to Colonel Piedra's Havana battalion of volunteers, were found at Las Guasimas. They had been killed, apparently, with machetes, during a fight with the insurgents. Government troops were dispatched to the scene.

### Thrown From Auto and Killed.

New York, June 25.—Alfred L. Seligman, brother of Isaac N. Seligman, head of the banking firm of J. & W. Seligman & Co., was instantly killed when his high power touring car, in which he was riding with Morris Rahner, his nephew and secretary, collided with a car owned by Russell W. Stuart. Mr. Seligman was hurled from his seat in the tonneau like a skyrocket and landed on his head on the sidewalk in front of two policemen.

### Express Train Kills Signalman.

Coatsville, Pa., June 25.—Walter Haultzhaer, aged twenty-three years, of Lancaster, substituting as an extra signalman, was struck by an east-bound fast express train and instantly killed on the Pennsylvania railroad.

### Joins Roosevelt Forces.

Chicago, June 25.—William Allen White, of Kansas, has resigned his place in the national committee and joined the Roosevelt committee.

## FOR SALE

Some fresh Cows and young Cattle. Apply.

J. T. REGGEAL, CASHTOWN, PA.

HOUSE for rent, No. 329 York street, newly built. All conveniences, bath, heat, gas. Possession given July 1st. Apply Times office.

## Historic Blackguards

By Albert Payson Terhune

Jean Jacques Rousseau, Philosopher and Scoundrel

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, self-confessed thief, wrote strongly on uprightness. He also preached fiery discourses on the sacredness of domestic affection—and sent his own five children to a foundling asylum. He changed religions as another man would change from summer to winter clothes. A writer on morality, his own morals were unspeakable. He was ever eager to receive aid; and still more industrious in abusing benefactors. He had a genius for philosophic writings—and a far greater genius for making enemies. The kindest thing that can be said about him personally is that he was probably more or less insane. Here is his story:

Rousseau was the son of a Swiss watchmaker. His father in 1728, when the lad was ten years old, became involved in a street row and had to leave his Geneva home, calmly deserting his family. Jean Jacques was brought up by his mother's relatives, who apprenticed him at thirteen to a notary. The boy and his master could not get on together, so Jean was apprenticed over again, this time to an engraver. All his long life Rousseau quarreled with everybody into whose society he was thrown. He began with the engraver. At sixteen he "jumped" his apprenticeship and ran away from Geneva.

He then began a series of wanderings which were more or less interesting, but scarcely profitable either to undergo or tell about. He changed his religion at the outset, encountering some rather doubtful adventures, and at last became a footman in the household of a Mme. de Verceil. While he was working there he stole a costly ribbon. The theft was discovered. Rousseau saved himself from punishment by falsely accusing a maid servant of the theft. The tale of this wholly shameful affair is found in his celebrated "Confessions."

When his employer died, Rousseau found another situation—and promptly lost it on account of his conduct. His experience for the next few years led him through all grades of society, from vagabondage to court circles. It was not until 1745 that he won any fame. Then he became known as a clever writer and musician. Several persons of high rank took an interest in his career. From each of these people he accepted what aid he could get, then quarreled with his benefactors and usually spoke and wrote ill of them.

In a prize essay, written in 1750, he openly declared that progress and higher civilization had proved a curse to mankind. This essay made him for a time the idol of Paris' artificial and novelty-seeking society. He followed up his literary success by a really beautiful opera. But his attacks on various French customs and ideals made Paris an uncomfortable abode for him. Back he went to Geneva (again changing his religion to fit his surroundings) and met with a cordial reception from the learned men of Switzerland.

Here he took up his literary work again and dazzled the world by his "problem novels" and philosophical treatises. But he continued his life effort of making as many enemies as possible. And such enemies as his personality could not reach were made by his writings. His novel "Emile"—a radical sort of educational thesis in fiction form—was condemned by the Paris parliament; and Rousseau dared not set foot in the French capital for fear of arrest. Other works of his were denounced by the Swiss authorities. His "Contrat Social" (which demanded that governments be ruled by the people and preached universal suffrage) brought down upon him the hatred of conservative thinkers. Altogether, he began to find it hard to choose a place of abode where he would be safe from persecution.

He went to England and there quarreled with his patrons, behaved insolently toward the king, and found it convenient to come back to the continent of Europe. This time he was allowed to settle in Paris. His health had become shattered. So had his mind. To add to his woes, he married Therese Le Vasseur, former cook in a third-rate inn. Their five children he sent to a foundling asylum, thus giving his enemies a fine chance to compare his unmoral action with the high sentiments he had written about the sanctity of the home and the education of the young. Therese's mother was the typical comic paper mother-in-law. She rendered Rousseau's home life miserable.

On July 2, 1778, crushed under real and imaginary woes, Rousseau died in a fit. Some historians think despair drove him to suicide.

His "Confessions"—a wonderful if unreliable book—give the man's distorted view of his own life and of life in general. A genius, a blackguard, and probably—in later years, at least—a semi-lunatic.

### Grievance as a Canker.

We are well aware that the privileges of the people, the rights of free discussion, and the spirit and letter of our popular institutions must render—and they are intended to render—the continuance of an extensive grievance, and of the dissatisfaction consequent thereupon, dangerous to the tranquility of the country, and ultimately subversive of the authority of the state.—Lord Holland.

## CAMP FIRE STORIES

### SLEEPER TELLS OF RELEASE

Somnambulist Foretells Removal of Many Union Prisoners From Prison at Cahaba.

Release of a large number of prisoners from the cotton warehouse prison at Cahaba, Ala., was foretold by a sleeping northern in the hearing of several of his fellow prisoners, according to L. Q. Jeffries, who received his freedom two weeks before Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Mr. Jeffries' account of the weird happening is given here as he himself has written it; after telling of earlier experiences at Cahaba.

"The Alabama river overflowed and the water became of the average depth of one foot in the prison, and in one end it was waist deep. We stayed in this water for eight days, because all available boats were used in transporting Confederate troops to reinforce Mobile.

"Seven of us formed a mess. We were known as the hymn-singing mess, and a few times we were aroused by a guard from our sleep on the ground in the corner where the water became the deepest to sing to him. This we did to the annoyance of others thereby awakened, who told us to shut up.

"Harrison of our mess was in a way a somnambulist, because of our surroundings, and he kept us awake almost nightly by imagining he commanded a battery. He would square himself around and at his command, 'Fire!' would kick us in the back. We had to sleep 'spoon fashion' so that one gray blanket might cover us all, but when Harrison 'walked' he had the blanket.

"One day a black-ringed dove gained an entrance through the roof ventilator and perched itself on the beams. One of the guards said he



"We Were Known as the Hymn-Singing Mess."

was going to shoot it. Some of the prisoners threatened to hurt him if he did, and so the next day all loose stones were picked up and taken away. That night Harrison had another 'walk', but he was decent about it that time. He got us all awake. I lay next to him and got a hard kick in the back. Quieting down, he began to mutter and then to talk, saying, 'Pretty birdie! Got a letter—and for me?' His hands moved as if receiving and opening a letter. 'Written in blood! In six days you will be out of bondage.' He sighed, turned over and was soon asleep, and so were we. 'Ten days afterward we were out of that prison and on our way to God's country to Union lines. We were taken by boats to the barracks at Selma, from there by train and boat to Jackson, Miss., and on foot through Black River swamp in a heavy rain and heavy thunderstorm, wading deep water for five miles across Black river on a pontoon bridge, then by train to Camp Fiske, 16 miles from Vicksburg, where were 5,000 paroled Union prisoners guarded by United States colored troops.

"Several years ago in the west I told this dove story to an audience at a state encampment of the Grand Army. A few weeks later I received a postal card from a comrade who had heard me tell it, saying, 'Say, that's a good dove story, all right. I'm a pretty good liar myself and I can't beat it.' I was there. I saw the dove with the black ring around its neck, saw the sleeper and heard his words and was on my way to freedom ten days later, March 21, 1865."

### Dictionary Jokers.

The popular idea is that dictionary makers are about as infallible as makers of literature can be, and yet from the earliest times the mistakes of the lexicographers have furnished amusement. In our day the Century Dictionary has been supposed to be about the last word in such compilations, and yet it has been pointed out that one joke on the Century occurs under the heading "Question, to pop the. See Pop," which may be excellent advice, but raises a laugh, nevertheless.

When the Forty Immortals were engaged in making the dictionary of the French academy the word "crab" came up for a gloss; they were about agreed to define it as "a little red fish that walks backward" when Furetiere pointed out that it was no doubt a good definition, save for the fact that the animal is not a fish, it is not red until it is boiled, and it does not walk backward.

### Regrettable.

"I can't tell you how sorry I was to hear of your husband's death, Mrs. Nurich. It is too bad that he had to go that way."

"Yes; I just can't get over it. If it had only been appendicitis or something fashionable, but plain conjunctivitis of the brain! It makes me feel so bad on the children's account."—Judge's Library.



**NORMAN E. MACK.**  
Chairman of Democratic National Committee.

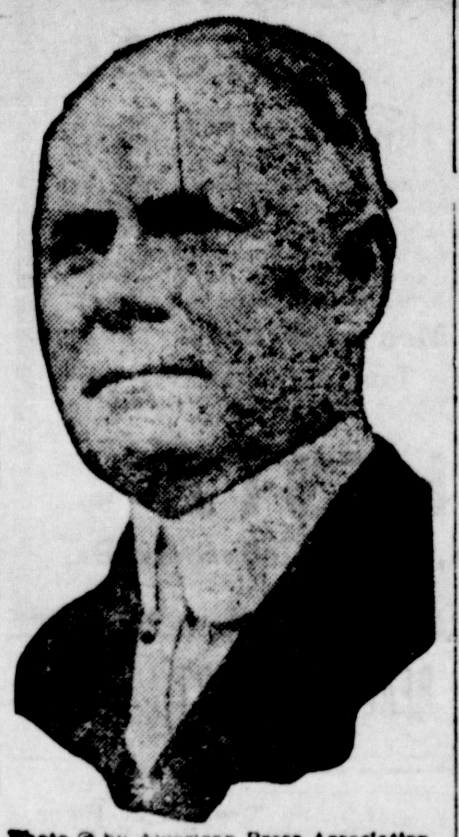


Photo © by American Press Association.

## NEW PARTY CERTAIN SAYS ROOSEVELT

### Naming Progressive at Baltimore Won't Head It Off.

Chicago, June 25.—The nomination of a pronounced progressive by the Democratic national convention will make no change in the plans of Colonel Roosevelt to head the new party which was born at the close of the Republican national convention last Saturday night.

A positive statement came from Colonel Roosevelt on the subject after there had been some discussion around the headquarters of the possibility that a known "progressive" might receive the Democratic presidential nomination.

In answer to a question, "Will your position be influenced by any act of the Baltimore convention?" Colonel Roosevelt said:

"It will not be. I shall not depart from what I said on Saturday night. I shall accept the progressive nomination on a progressive platform and shall fight the battle through to the end."

The favorite candidate for vice president on a ticket to be headed by Colonel Roosevelt is John Mitchell, the labor leader.

### WILL CONFER WITH TAFT

#### To Ascertain His Wishes Regarding Conduct of Campaign.

Chicago, June 25.—Powell Clayton, Republican national committeeman from Arkansas, the oldest member of the committee, and whose membership, with an interval of four years, extends from 1872, was made temporary chairman of the new Republican national committee when that body convened in executive session in the Coliseum. Alvin H. Martin, of Virginia, was named temporary secretary.

The meeting was brief and adjourned after the appointment of a committee of nine to confer with President Taft and ascertain his wishes regarding the naming of a chairman and the conduct of the campaign.

The committee to wait on the president is composed of the following: Powell Clayton, Arkansas; Roy O. West, Illinois; John J. Adams, Iowa; Charles B. Warren, Michigan; Thomas K. Neldringhaus, Missouri; F. W. Estabrook, New Hampshire; Newell Sanders, Tennessee; Alvin H. Martin, Virginia; S. A. Perkins, Washington.

As soon as this committee has conferred with President Taft it is expected another meeting will be called and the organization of the committee completed with the election of a national chairman, secretary and other officers.

### Boy Shoots Father's Slayer.

Mayfield, Ky., June 25.—After Rufus Hillington had mortally wounded Alvin Wheeler, a tobacco planter of Vealsburg, near here, Wheeler's son shot Hillington. Wheeler died in a few minutes, and Hillington, in spite of his wounds, was jailed.

### WEATHER EVERYWHERE.

Observations of United States weather bureaus taken at 8 p. m. yesterday follow:

Temp.	Weather.
Albany.....	80 Clear.
Atlantic City.....	79 Cloudy.
Boston.....	82 Clear.
Buffalo.....	79 Clear.
Chicago.....	76 Clear.
New Orleans.....	76 P. Cloudy.
New York.....	77 Cloudy.
Philadelphia.....	78 Cloudy.
St. Louis.....	78 Clear.
Washington.....	76 Cloudy.

Weather Forecast.  
Cloudy today and tomorrow;  
light winds.

## M. THOMPSON DILL, DENTIST

Blairstown - Penna

All branches of the profession given careful attention. - United Telephone.

FOR SALE: a No. 1 family mare, fearless of all road objects. Work anywhere excepting single line. Will sell right to party giving her a good home. Apply J. A. Knouse, Arendtsville.

## FEARS THAW WILL KILL HER IF FREE

### Evelyn Swears Husband Threatened Her Life.

### SHE WANTS AN ANNULMENT

Testifies at Hearing That She "Don't Intend to Have Thaw Come Out and Shoot Me Next."

White Plains, N. Y., June 25. — "I don't intend to have Thaw come out and shoot me next."

This was one of the dramatic statements of Mrs. Evelyn Thaw during her examination in the third attempt of her husband to gain his freedom from the Matteawan Hospital for the Insane, where he was sent after the shooting of Stanford White.

This statement by Mrs. Thaw was volunteered during the questioning by Attorney Shearn, of counsel for Harry K. Thaw.

Mrs. Thaw seemed excited when she made this declaration, but Thaw put a fan up to his face and with a smile turned to his mother and whispered something to her which made her smile. Thaw hardly glanced at his wife during the time she was on the stand, and she apparently was not aware that he was in the room, as not once did she look in his direction.

Mrs. Thaw declared that she was an unwilling witness. "I have always wanted to have my marriage annulled and get out of this business," she said. She is still being paid \$500 a month by Thaw.

That Edna Goodrich sued Harry Thaw for breach of promise and settled for \$5000 was testified by Evelyn Thaw.

Pressed by counsel for Thaw, she admitted that at Thaw's first trial in 1907 she testified that he was sane. She denied that she had said that Thaw would never get out of Matteawan until he "settled with her."

"Did Dr. Austin Flint tell you to testify in a hesitating and uncertain manner at the 1909 hearing, so that it would not hurt you with the public?" asked Mr. Shearn.

"No; neither Dr. Flint nor anyone else has to tell me how to act on the witness stand," she said.

"Did you ever discuss the Thaw case with Dr. Flint?"

"Yes, my end of it."

"What is your end of it?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"I asked you."

"Well, then, we discussed Thaw's threat to shoot me. I don't intend to have Thaw come out and shoot me next."

The young wife declared she had not exaggerated any of the stories she told Thaw of Stanford White's treatment of her.

"Didn't you discuss with Thaw," asked Mr. Shearn, "the fact that Alvin Hummel did not want to do the dirty work he was doing, but did so because Jerome had a felony charge against him?"

"Not exactly that," replied Evelyn, "but we talked something about the fact that Mr. Jerome would let Hummel go if he did testify."

"Well, I did let him go—up the river," snapped W. T. Jerome, the former district attorney of New York, who is representing the state in this case.

"Yes," interjected Shearn, "but not as far as Matteawan."

The fact that she fears Thaw would shoot her was insisted upon by the witness as her only reason for testifying against her husband in his fight to regain his freedom.

"I have no feeling in this case save my personal differences with Harry Thaw, and that I want the annulment of my marriage," stated Evelyn. "And it would have been annulled only Mrs. Mary Thaw didn't keep her word."

### NAMED BY PRESIDENT

#### Brigadier General Witherspoon to Be a Major General.

Washington, June 25. — President Taft's long delayed appointments to fill highest grades in the army were announced at the White House as follows:

Brigadier General W. W. Witherspoon to be major general.

Brigadier General Clarence R. Edwards, who holds that rank by virtue of his position as chief of the bureau of Insular Affairs, to be brigadier general in the line of the army.

Colonel George F. Chase to be brigadier general.

Colonel Edward J. McClelland to be brigadier general.

### Farmer Is Found Dead.

Towanda, Pa., June 25.—G. Emory Kirkendall, forty-two years old, a prominent farmer of Franklin township, who had been missing since last October, was found dead in his house. He was supposed to have left this section, having parted from his wife. All his valuables are missing.

### Woman Socialist Heads Ticket.

Everett, Wash., June 25.—Miss Anna A. Malley, Socialist lecturer and writer, of Everett, and formerly of New York, will head the Socialist state ticket in Washington, the count of the referendum vote governing her nomination for governor over Richard Winsor, of Seattle, by a majority of 7000.

### Sure Foot Cure

EZO is the Quickest Acting Remedy for Aching, Burning Feet.

EZO puts the feet in fine shape over night. No matter how sore or painful, rub on Ezo and misery will vanish. EZO is a refined ointment and easy to use; just rub it on your aching feet, that's all. No fussing around getting ready. Sold on money back plan.

EZO never fails to extract the soreness from corns, bunions and callouses, and for chafing, prickly heat and Eczema or there is nothing like it. Jar 25 cents at The People's Drug Store.

### BASE BALL SCORES.

Following is the Result of Games Played Yesterday.

**AMERICAN LEAGUE.**  
At Philadelphia—Athletics, 3; New York, 1. Batteries—Bender, Thomas; Ford, Sweeney.  
At Washington—Boston, 3; Washington, 1. Batteries—Bedient, Carrigan; Petty, Musser, Engle, Ainsmith. Other clubs not scheduled.  
**Standing of the Clubs.**  
W. L. P. C. J. W. L. P. C. J.  
Boston... 41 19 683 Cleveland 27 30 474  
Chicago 36 25 590 Detroit 29 33 488  
Washington 36 25 581 New York 17 37 315  
Athletics 33 24 579 St. Louis 16 41 281

### NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At New York—New York, 11; Philadelphia, 5. Batteries—Fosberg, Wilson; Chalmers, Brennan, Moore, Doolin.  
At Cincinnati—Cincinnati, 1; Chicago, 0. Batteries—Fronz, McLean; Reulbach, Lavender, Archer.  
At Boston—Boston, 9; Brooklyn, 4. Batteries—Hess, Rariden; Yingling, Miller.  
At St. Louis—St. Louis, 4; Pittsburgh, 3. Batteries—Geyer, Bliss; Robinson, Gibson.  
**Standing of the Clubs.**  
W. L. P. C. J. W. L. P. C. J.  
New York... 44 11 800 Philadelphia 21 29 420  
Chicago 32 22 566 Brooklyn 22 31 413  
Pittsburgh 31 24 564 St. Louis 25 37 403  
Cincinnati 33 27 559 Boston... 19 41 317

### TRI-STATE LEAGUE.

At Atlantic City—Reading, 12; Atlantic City, 6. Batteries—Horsley, Therre, McDuffy, Frost.  
At Trenton—Trenton, 7; York, 3. Batteries—Matthews, Mitchell; Russell, Manning.  
At Allentown—Allentown, 7; Johnstown, 6. Batteries—Gault, Monroe; Bentley, Raub.  
At Wilkes-Barre—Harrisburg, 13; Wilkes-Barre, 3 (1st game). Batteries—Von Winkle, Miller; Tobin, Kerr.  
At Wilkes-Barre, 3 (2d game). Batteries—Lewellyn, Kerr; Myers, Miller.  
**Standing of the Clubs.**  
W. L. P. C. J. W. L. P. C. J.  
Trenton 27 17 630 Johnstown 22 23 488  
Harrisburg 27 17 614 Allentown 17 25 409  
Allentown 24 16 568 Reading 18 27 409  
Wilkes-Barre 22 22 500 York... 18 27 409

## TRAINMEN VOTE IN FAVOR OF STRIKE

### Big Majority For Walkout as Last Step.

Philadelphia, June 25.—The vote on the question of striking by 27,000 trainmen on the lines of the Pennsylvania railroad has been completed and the result will be known when the official counters turn in the figures.

The vote was cast by members of the Brotherhood of Firemen and Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. Among the men concerned are the trainmen, carmen, conductors and yardmen and about 45 per cent of the engineers on the Pennsylvania railroad.

The indications from the votes that have been counted shows an overwhelming vote in favor of a strike if the demands of the men are not granted by the railroad. A high official in the union said that the strike vote is very large and in fact is of far greater proportions than was expected.

### THEY WON'T BOLT

#### LaFollette and Hadley to Remain in Republican Ranks.

Chicago, June 25.—Vaile L. Houser, campaign manager for Senator LaFollette, said:

"Senator LaFollette expects to continue active work in the ranks of the Republican party. He believes that through this party will be carried out the progressive idea."

Governor Hadley, of Missouri, gave out a similar statement in St. Louis.

### Mrs. Beachey Sues For Divorce.

New York, June 25.—Aviator Lincoln Beachey, who flies for the Curtis company, was sued in the supreme court for a divorce by Mrs. May Beachey, who says she married the aviator at Detroit in 1906. Mrs. Beachey alleges that her husband was guilty of misconduct with a woman unknown to her, who posed as his wife.

### Meyer's Condition Unchanged.

Hamilton, Mass., June 25. — There was no appreciable change in the condition of Secretary Meyer, who is suffering from a mild attack of typhoid fever at his home here. He had a comfortable night and is resting easily.

### GENERAL MARKETS

**PHILADELPHIA — FLOUR** quiet; winter clear, \$4.75@5; city mills, \$4.85@5.50.

**WHEAT** quiet; No. 2 red, \$1.10@1.11; No. 2 yellow, \$1.08@1.09.

**CORN** quiet; No. 2 yellow, \$1.08@1.09; No. 2 white, \$1.05@1.06.

**OATS** firm; No. 2 white, \$1.05@1.06; No. 2 yellow, \$1.04@1.05.

**POULTRY**: Live steady; hens, 16¢; old roosters, 11¢. Dresser firm; choice fowls, 15¢; old roosters, 12¢.

**BUTTER** quiet; creamery, fancy, 24¢; per lb.

**EGGS** steady; western, 24¢; nearby, 23¢; selected, 25¢.

**POTATOES** steady; new, \$1.75@1.80 per barrel.

### Live Stock Markets.

**PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards)** — CATTLE firm; choice, \$8.75@9.15; prime, \$8.25@8.50.

**SHEEP** steady; prime wethers, \$5.50@5.75; culls and common, \$1.50@3.00; lambs, \$5.80@6.00; veal calves, \$5.00@5.25.

**HOGS** active; prime heavies, \$7.50@7.75; mediums and heavy Yorkers, \$7.55@7.90; light Yorkers, \$7.50@7.75; pigs, \$7.40@7.60; roughs, \$6.75@7.00.

### FOR SALE

The farm of the late William H. Adams, five miles north of Gettysburg, along the Harrisburg state road containing seventy-five acres, three acres of timber, improved with a frame house and barn, two wells of water and all other buildings. For further information call on or address

**HARVEY W. ADAMS, Executor.**

## BOLD HORSE THIEVES

### THOSE OF AFGHANISTAN ARE MOST DARING IN WORLD.

How They Saw the Mud Walls of the Stable to Reach Their Booty—Stealing a Soldier's Mount From Under His Nose.

The Khyber pass is the chief gateway into Afghanistan. Sixteen miles south of it is the city of Peshawar. The adjoining valley and hills have always been the haunts of professional thieves. The objects which they most covet are arms, money and horses. In securing these they evince great skill and daring.

Their most popular mode of horse stealing requires at least three men to carry it out comfortably and successfully. One of them quietly steals his way into the stable and lays hold of a cord which has been pushed through one of the holes in the wall by an accomplice outside.

The two use this string as a saw, while the third man pours upon it a plentiful supply of water. The cord silently and speedily cuts its way down the mud wall.

In a wonderfully short time the three craftsmen manage to saw round a portion of the wall, when, when pushed outward, leaves a space sufficient to allow a horse to pass out.

This done, the remaining work presents no difficulty. The ropes which bind the horse are cut, and in a short time he is cantering to the hills with generally two or three of his new masters on his back.

A somewhat bold and impudent exploit in the horse stealing line was once the amusement and the talk of the English military station for some days. The cantonment was surrounded at sundown by a chain of sentries. This demanded a great number of men, and all regiments, cavalry and infantry, European and natives, nightily gave their proportions.

A native trooper on this occasion fastened his horse to the peg fixed about the middle of his "beat"; and to keep his courage and himself warm—the night was dark and bitterly cold—walked smartly backward and forward.

The extent of this walk was not more than thirty yards, and thus at no time could he have been more than fifteen yards from his charger. He was armed with a short rifle and a tulwar or sword.

While he was thus doing duty a hillman managed to crawl quite close to him without exciting notice, and, waiting quietly until the sentry was near the end of his walk, and, of course, with his back to the horse, the robber cut the charger's rope, mounted him and in a moment was off.

The sentry fired his rifle in the direction in which his mount had gone, the guards turned out and a great noise was raised, but the outwitted soldier never saw his horse again.—Harper's Weekly.

### Sense of Humor.

That lively perception of the ludicrous, which we all possess in greater or smaller measure, has been very rightly called the saving sense of humor. It saves our souls alive. It saves us from all manner of folly and wickedness and sorrow and despair. In effect, it saves us from our worst enemy, who is oftenest ourselves. But one man's humor is sometimes another man's boredom and a woman's exasperation. Which is to imply that the humor sense manifests itself in vastly dissimilar ways.

There are many kinds and degrees of the sense. It varies in different climates and in different ages. It waxes and wanes with our growth and decline, and assumes as many colors and forms in the course of a life as the procession of the seasons assumes in the course of a year. It is raw and crude in our infancy, full-blooded and flamboyant and boisterous in the hot summer of our lusty youth, ripe and mellow and kindly in our autumnal prime, and cold and bleak and comfortable in the wintry cynicism of old age.—T. P.'s Weekly.

### Young Financier.

It appears that there is more or less humbug about the traditional slowness of the messenger, the fabulous lateness of the office boy—and all that sort of stuff. At any rate, there is a young fellow in Cleveland who may be said to be abreast of the age in which he lives. He works in a downtown office building, but he has a rapidly growing account in a savings bank.

The other day our young hero went to his bank to make a deposit of 50 cents. The teller, with more than his customary haughtiness, informed the boy that the bank would not receive deposits of less than \$1. The kid didn't waste any time arguing about it. He walked over to the desk, wrote a check for \$1 and presented it at the paying teller's window. It was honored, of course. Then the little financier said:

"I wish to deposit \$1.50."

And that deposit was accepted. And the teller ground his teeth.

Haec fabula docet—that you can deposit a cent if you have an account.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Slight Mistake.

When the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania moved from Winchester towards Fredericksburg in May, 1862, they passed a nice-looking farm, where a couple of calves scampered across the meadow beside the road.

"What poorly lit cowboys," said one in babyish accents.

"Ye air mistaken," came from a prosaic individual in the ranks behind him; "them air bullets."

### Too Quick.

A cavalryman who stuttered lost his Colt's, and told a comrade he would buy one of his.

## HARD TO READ FACES

### ONE NEVER CAN BE SURE OF HIS JUDGMENTS.

Facial Expression Is Constantly Changing and Correctly to Determine Character From It Is a Fine and Intricate Art.

The living face in its relation to the real character might be likened to an expert juggler manipulating the various articles of his mystic trade. Except in moments of revery or abstraction the expression is constantly changing; it scarcely remains the same for five consecutive seconds. It is a case of "Now you see me, and now you don't," and it is extremely difficult to determine when you may be catching a glimpse of the real character, and when the fleeting expression may be a misleading token, involuntary, perhaps, on the part of the individual, but cunningly calculated by nature to deceive the eye of the spectator.

Hence the genuine ability to "read character" in facial expression is much rarer than is commonly supposed. It is not only a fine art but an intricate one. Most persons who fancy that they possess it in some degree are really proceeding upon a sort of blind instinct, which is likely to be deceived entirely by superficial indications. The accurate judges of men are extremely scarce; their gift is one which should invariably lead them to success if they are blessed with half an opportunity.

The appraisal of character by photographic evidence may be as erroneous as that which is based on the living face, but at least the photograph gives opportunity for continuous study and shows none of those shifting moods which are sure to confuse the judgment. The camera catches its subject as he or she may appear at the given moment. It may be an inopportune moment, the camera may be a poor one, there may be a fault in the plate, or the photographer may lack skill, but something of the true soul and character of the subject is bound to appear on the surface and to stand revealed to all who see it.

The truth may be somewhat qualified by the fact that the average person in front of the camera is invariably more or less self-conscious, but in general effect the dominant qualities are at least partially revealed, so that in almost any photographic portrait one may see strength of character, vanity, self-esteem, nobility, meanness, fussiness, unscrupulousness or what not, as the case may be.

When photographs are "reproduced" by half-tone process the essential facts of the physiognomy are sometimes obscured, especially in the hurried processes of newspaper portraiture. Still, in all but the most atrocious examples of such art, these essential facts show through, even if it be with but a dim glow.—Providence Journal.

### Washington Man's White Farm.

Eugene Jacquemin has acquired his heart's desire, a farm on which are pure white animals and fowls, all housed in spotless shelters and permitted to roam within bounds of snowy fences. This "white farm" is unique because it contains many specimens of albino wild animals and birds.

White horses do all the farm work and are the drivers and saddle animals. White ponies play with the children. White cows furnish butter and milk. There are white hogs, sheep and goats. The pigeons, chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys and guinea fowls were imported from Africa. A novelty is a pair of peacocks pure white. About the yard three spitz dogs play and white Persian cats lounge on the porches. In the orchard the eccentric farmer has an albino elk, three white deer, a mountain sheep and a polar bear cub. These are in aviaries a pure white magpie, white blackbirds, pheasants, wild swan, cranes and storks.—Payallup correspondence St. Paul Dispatch.

### The Defendant's Version.

Referring to his diary of June 22, 1908, Mr. Studley said it was untrue that, coming home from Lady Glen-Coats' ball, he violently pulled his wife out of a cab and forced her onto her knees, so that she fell on the pavement.

What occurred was this: "About ten minutes to 2, at the ball, I went to my wife and said, 'Cherub, are you ready to go home?' She said, 'Oh, let me stay a little.' I said, 'Very well; I'll come back shortly.' About five minutes past 2 I asked her if she were ready, and she, with very bad grace, said, 'Yes.' I said, 'I can't get up in the morning if I don't go to bed.' We got into a hansom, and during the short distance to Sloan street she turned on me in a temper and said, 'You spoil all my fun, you brute,' and she let out at me and smashed my hat down over my face—all for nothing."—London Daily News.

One reads in the war news that the Italians found that guns in the Tripoli forts "spiked." If that is meant literally they must have been guns of mainly antiquarian interest.

The expression, "spiking guns," is a survival from the day when all that was necessary to put a gun out of action (provided, of course, that you had access to it) was a large nail or spike and a hammer. You simply drove the nail into the touch-hole at the breech. If the nail was long enough to turn round at the end, on the bottom of the bore, so much the better.

It is just as simple, perhaps simpler, to put a modern gun out of action. All you want is a hammer. The breech block of the modern gun is held closed by screw threads, after the breech block is shut on the shell, a turn of two or three inches engages the threads. By knocking a burr on these threads you prevent them from engaging. Any attempt to fire the gun without the breech block being perfectly closed would, of course, be of material assistance to the enemy.

## French Draft Stallion "John Stevens"

### DESCRIPTION

This fine young stallion is sired by the French pure bred Draft Stallion "Steve." Foaled in 1907, stands 16 hands high and weighs 1600 pounds. This horse has averaged 80 per cent as a foal getter, and is a fine boned well built stallion.

### TERMS

Will stand at stable of Addison Leer, in Straban township, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Thursday and Friday and at Fullman's Stock Yards in Gettysburg, Saturday, beginning April 7. Service fee \$8.00, to be paid when mare is known to be with foal; \$10.00 to insure foal standing, notes to be given for same. Service to old or inferior mares will be refused.

John Stevens has been duly registered with the State Live Stock Sanitary Board, under License No. 583 as Pennsylvania Grade Stallion.

Straban Township Horse Co., Limited Owners

ADDISON LEER, Manager.

## Over Twenty Second-hand Bicycles For Sale

Some with Coaster Brakes. Prices from \$5.00 up.

Will rent bicycles by the day, week, month or hour.

L. R. SWOPE, 118 W. High St.

### GOOD WAY TO PACK TRUNK

How One Woman Utilizes Comparatively Small Space That Is at Her Disposal.

A woman who is constantly traveling and yet who finds it most necessary to economize in space as well as in pennies has found the following plan for packing her one trunk a most excellent one: At the bottom of the trunk she has a partition made large enough to carry one large or two small hats. This is strongly made, so that it cannot easily be broken. At the side of this partition she places a wooden box filled with sawdust, in which are her bottles of medicine. Here, too, she lays her shoes, each pair carefully rolled in linen covers. On one set of shoes she puts her pair of rubbers and inside the shoes she places her boxes of pills or powders which would not go into the box of medicine. Then she has six or eight pieces of heavy cardboard cut to exactly fit the trunk. These she covers with linen or chintz, so that they look exactly like large envelopes, with straps or strings to fasten down the flaps. In these huge envelopes she puts her dresses, shirtwaists, etc. Two or three dresses can usually be put in each envelope. Everything is kept absolutely flat and nothing can be pushed to one end of the trunk when it is stood on end. At the top of the trunk is a shallow tray, in which she puts her laces, ribbons, veils and gloves, etc. The underwear is rolled and placed around the edges of the trunk or is folded flat and laid between the envelopes.

### CAUSE FOR GLADNESS.

'Twas eventide. The boy stood on the bridge, clapping his hands vigorously. Beyond the brow of the hill a dull red glow suffused the sky.

"Ah, little boy," remarked the stranger, who was rather near-sighted, "it does my heart good to see you appreciate a beautiful cloud effect!"

"Yes, sir," replied the lad: "I've been watching it for ten minutes."

Upon the boy's face there appeared a smile of radiant bliss.

"A real poet, without a doubt. And do you watch sunsets often, little boy?"

"Sunsets? Why, that ain't a sunset, guv'nor! That's the village school burning down!"—Answers.

### New Embroidery.

A new kind of embroidery is the rage for smart street or house gowns. It is done with ribbons, which is like the gumpie used in the old-fashioned mourning fringes, but can now be bought by the yard and in any color to be drawn into many turnings by the deft embroiderer. The stitch most in vogue is the Russian cross-stitch somewhat, but done in graduated sizes to give more expression to the design. It is especially good on cloth, and as it lies perfectly flat, has taken the place of elaborate braiding. It may also be used in combination with a flat silk braid, a plain one being preferable. The braid outlines the embroidered design and must match both cloth and ribbons in tone.

### Force of Habit Strong.

At the informal gambol which was



# My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF  
A GRAY JACKET  
By RANDALL PARRISH  
AUTHOR OF  
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"  
Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson  
Copyright by J. M. C. Co. - Entered at Stationers Hall, London

## CHAPTER III.

### An Unwelcome Guest.

This was the sort of work I had long ago learned to love; it warmed the blood, this constant certainty of imminent peril, this intense probability that any moment might bring a flash of flame into our very faces. Each step we took was now a stern, grim play with Fate, where the stakes were life and death. I felt my pulses throb as I rode steadily forward, fairly thrusting the darkness aside, my teeth hard set, my left hand heavily on a revolver butt.

How, in such a situation, the nerves tingle and the heart bounds to each strange sight and sound! Halt!—what was that? Pooch! no more than the deeper shadow of a sharply projecting rock, around which we pick careful way, our horses crowding against each other in the narrow space. And that? Nothing but the faint moan of the night wind amid the dead limbs of a tree. Ah! mark that sudden flash of light! The hand that closes iron-like upon the loosened rein opens again, for it was merely a star silently falling from out the black depths of the sky. Then both of us halt at once, and peer anxiously forward. The figure standing directly in the center of our path, can it be a sentry at last? A cautious step forward, a low laugh from the sergeant, and we circle the gaunt, blackened stump, as silent ourselves as the night about us, but with fiercely beating, expectant hearts.

But hark! Surely that was no common sound, born of that drear loneliness! No cavalryman can mistake the

tingle of accoutrements or the dull thud of horses' hoofs. The road here must have curved sharply, for they were already so close upon us that, almost simultaneously with the sound, we could distinguish the deeper shadow of a small compact body of horsemen directly in our front. To left of us there rose, sheer and black, the precipitous rock; to right we might not even guess what yawning void. It was either wit of sword play now.

I know not how it may be with others in such emergencies, but with me it always happens that the sense of fear departs with the presence of actual danger. Before the grewsome fancies of imagination I may quake and burn like any maiden alone upon a city street at night, until each separate nerve becomes a very demon of mental agony; but when the real and known once fairly confronts me, and there is work to do, I grow instantly cool to think, resolute to act, and find a rare joy in it. It was so now, and, revolver in hand but hidden beneath my holster flap, I leaned over and touched Craig's arm.

"Keep quiet," I whispered sternly. "Let them challenge first, and no firing except on my order."

Almost with the words there came the sharp halt:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

I drew the cape of my riding jacket closer, so as better to muffle the sound of my voice.

"Friends, of course; who would you expect to meet on this road?"

Fortune seemed with me in the chance answer, for he who had halted exclaimed:

"Oh! is that you, Brennan?"

There was no time now for hesitancy; here was my cue, and I must

plunge ahead, accepting the chances. I ventured it.

"No, Brennan couldn't come. I am here in his place."

"Indeed! Who are you?"

"Major Wilkie."

There was a moment's painful pause, in which I could hear my heart throb.

"Wilkie," repeated the voice, doubtfully. "There is no officer of that name in the Forty-third."

"Well, there chances to be such an officer on the staff," I retorted, permitting a trace of anger to appear in my tone. "and I am the man."

"What the devil is the difference, Hale, just what his name is?" boomed a deeper voice back in the group. "We are not getting up a directory of the Sixth corps. Of course he's the man Brennan sent, and that is all we've got to look after."

"Oh, all right, certainly, major," returned the first speaker, hastily. "But the night is so cussed black I supposed we must be at least a mile this side of where we were to meet. However, we have the lady here for you, all right, and she's anxious enough to get on."

The lady! Heavens! What odd

turn of fortune's wheel was this? The lady, I heard Craig's smothered chuckle, but before I had sufficiently regained control over my own feelings to venture upon a suitable reply, the entire party had drawn forward, the leader pressing so close to my side that I felt safer with my face well shaded.

"Where is your escort, major?" he asked, and the gruffness of his tone put me instantly on defense.

"Just behind us," I returned, with affected carelessness, and determined now to play out the game, lady or no lady. I was extremely sorry for her, but the cause outweighed her comfort.

"The sergeant and I rode out ahead when we heard you coming. Where is the lady?"

He glanced around at the group huddled behind him.

"Third on the left."

"All right, then. Nothing else, I believe; for I was eager to get away. Sergeant, just ride in there and lead out her horse. We will have to be moving, gentlemen, for it is a rough road and a dark night."

"Beastly," assented the other, heartily.

I fairly held my breath as Craig rode forward. If one of them should chance to strike a match to light a pipe, or any false movement of Craig's should excite suspicion. If he should even speak, his soft southern drawl would mean instant betrayal. And how coolly he went at it; with a sharp touch of the spur, causing his jaded horse to exhibit such sudden restlessness as to keep the escort well to one side, while I ranged close up to our unwelcome guest, and laying firm hand upon her horse's bit, let forth to where I waited. It was quickly, nobly done, and I could have hugged the fellow.

"Well, good luck to you, major, and a pleasant ride. Remember me to Brennan. Deuced queer, though, way he failed to show up on such an occasion as this."

"He was unfortunate enough to be sent out in the other direction with dispatches—goodnight, gentlemen!"

It was sweet music to me to listen to their hoofbeats dying rapidly away behind us as we turned back down the dark road, the sergeant still riding with his one hand grasping the stranger's rein. I endeavored to seek her figure in the blackness, but found the effort useless, as little more than a shadow was visible. Yet it was impressed upon me that she sat straight and firm in the saddle, so I concluded she must be young.

"Madam," I began, seeking to feel my way with caution into her confidence. "I fear you must be quite weary by your long ride."

She turned slightly at sound of my voice.

"Not at all, sir; I am merely eager to push on. Besides, my ride has not been a long one, as we merely came from General Sigel's headquarters."

The voice was pleasantly modulated and refined.

"Ah, yes, certainly," I stammered, fearful lest I had made a grave mistake. "But really I had supposed General Sigel was at Coulterville."

"He advanced to Bear creek yesterday," she returned quietly. "So you see we had covered scarcely more than three miles when we met. How much farther is it to where Major Brennan is stationed?"

I fear I was guilty of hesitancy, but it was only for a moment.

"I am unable to tell exactly, for, as it chances, I have never yet been in the camp, but I should judge that two hours' riding will cover the distance."

"Why, in a tone of sudden surprise, 'Captain Hale certainly told me it was all of twenty miles!'"

"From Bear creek?" I questioned eagerly, for it was my turn to feel startled now. "The map barely makes it ten."

"It is but ten, and scarcely that, by the direct White Briar road; or, at least, so I heard some of the younger officers say; but it seems the Confederate pickets are posted so close to the White Briar that my friends decided it would be unsafe to proceed that way."

This was news indeed—news so unexpected and startling that I forgot all caution.

"Then what road do they call this?"

She laughed at my evident ignorance, as well as the eagerness of my tone.

"Really, you are a most peculiar guide," she exclaimed gayly. "You almost convince me that you are lost. Fortunately, sir, out of my vast knowledge of this mysterious region, I am able to enlighten you to some extent. We are now riding due southward along the Allentown pike."

Craig leaned forward so as to look across her horse's neck to where I rode on the opposite side.

"May I speak a word, sir?" he asked, cautiously.

"Certainly, sergeant; do you make anything out of all this?"

"Yes, sir," he answered eagerly. "I know now exactly how we missed it, and where we are. The cut-off to the White Briar I spoke to you about this afternoon cannot be more than a hundred yards below here."

"Halt ahead carefully then, and see if you can locate it. Be cautious; there may be a picket stationed there. We will halt where we are until you return."

He swung forward his carbine where it would be handy for instant service and trotted ahead into the darkness. The woman's horse, being comparatively fresh and restless, danced a little in an effort to follow,

but I restrained him with a light hand on the bit, and we sat waiting in silence.

I was eager to be off, to make up by hard riding the tedious delay of this night's work, and constantly listening in dread for some sounds of struggle down the roadway. But all remained silent until I could dimly distinguish the returning hoofbeats of the sergeant's horse; and so anxious was I to economize time that I was already urging our mounts forward when his shadow grew black in front, and he wheeled in at my side.

"No picket, sir."

"Very well, sergeant; when we come to the turn you are to ride a few rods in advance of us, and will set a good pace, for we must make up for all this lost time."

"Very well, sir; here is the turn—to your right."

I could dimly distinguish the opening designated, and as we wheeled into it he at once cupped spurs to his horse and forged ahead. In another moment he had totally disappeared, and as I urged our reluctant mounts to more rapid speed all sound of his progress was instantly lost in the pounding of our own hoofs on the hard road.

CHAPTER IV.

A Woman With a Temper.

I think we must have been fully an hour at it, riding at no mean pace, and with utter disregard of danger. Although I knew little of where we were, and nothing as to the condition of the path we traversed, yet so complete was my confidence in Craig that I felt no hesitancy in blindly following the pace he set. Then a black shape loomed up before us so suddenly that it was only by a quick effort I prevented a collision. Even as I held my horse poised half in air, I perceived it was Craig himself who blocked the way.

"What is it, sergeant?"

"A picket, sir, at the end of the road," he said, quietly. "I kinder reckoned they'd have some sort of guard there, so I crept up on the quiet ter be sure. The feller helped me out a BK by strikin' a match ter see what time 'twas, or I reckon I'd a walked over him in the dark."

"Had we better ride him down?" I asked, thinking only how rapidly the night hours were speeding and of the importance of the duty pressing upon us.

"Not with ther woman, sir," he answered in a low, reproachful voice. "Besides we never could git through without a shot, an' if by any dern luck it should turn out to be a cavalry out-post—an' I sorter reckon that's what it is—why, our horses are in no shape for a hard run. You uns better wait here, sir, an' let me tend ter that soger man quiet like, an' then p'raps we uns kin all slip by without a stirrin' up ther patrol."

"Well," I said, reluctantly, yielding to what I felt was doubtless the wiser course, and mechanically grasping the rein he held out to me, "go ahead. But be careful, and don't waste any time. If we hear the sound of a shot we shall ride forward under spur."

"All right, sir, but there'll be no fuss, fer I know just whar ther feller is."

Time seems criminally long when one is compelled to wait in helpless uncertainty, every nerve on strain.

"Hold yourself ready for a sudden start," I said, warningly to my companion. "If there is any noise of a struggle yonder I shall drive in the spurs."

As I spoke I swung the sergeant's horse around to my side, where I could control him more readily.

There was no reply from the woman, but I noticed she endeavored to draw together the flapping cape of her cloak, as though she felt chilled by the wind and her figure seemed to stiffen in the saddle.

It came at last—not the sharp flash of a musket cleaving the night in twain, but merely the tall figure of the sergeant, stealing silently out of the gloom like a black ghost, and standing at our very horses' heads.

"All clear, sir," he reported in a matter-of-fact tone. "But we shall hav ter move mighty quiet, fer ther main picket post ain't more nor a hundred yards ter the right o' ther crossin'."

He did not remount, but, with reins slung loosely over his arm, led the way slowly forward, and carefully we followed him.

What had become of the sentinel I did not know, respecting Craig's evident desire for silence; but as we drew nearer the White Briar road I sought in vain to pierce the dense gloom and note some sign of a struggle, some darker shadow where a body might be lying. There was nothing visible to tell the story.

The sergeant walked without the least hesitation across the open space, directly into the deep shadows opposite, where the cross-road continued to hold way. Crouching low in the saddle, we followed him as silently as though we were but spirits of the night. Up the road I caught the red gleam of a fire almost past, and a black figure crossed an odd shadow against the face of the rock where it was lighted by the flickering red blaze. It was all over in a moment, a mere glimpse, but it formed one of those sudden pictures which paint themselves on the brain and can never after be effaced. I recall yet the long shade cast by the man's gun, the grotesque shape of his flapping army overcoat, the quick change in the silhouette as he wheeled to retrace his beat. But there was no noise, not even the sound of his footsteps, reaching us. Even as I gazed, lying open at full length upon my horse, we had crossed the open, and a perfect tangle of low bushes hid us as completely as if we had entered the yawning mouth of a cavern.

A hundred yards or more of sharply curving road densely lined with shrubbery on either hand, and then Craig swung into saddle and again gave spur to his horse.

"We must ride for it now," he said, tersely. "When ther patrol makes ther round, them fellers will be after us hot."

I urged my tired horse to a gallop,

pressing upon Craig's heels as closely as I dared; nor did I glance back, for I knew well that a dead picket was lying somewhere by the cross-roads, and that his comrades would be heard from before dawn. We were moving bravely now; for the road under foot grew better as we advanced, and gave back the dull thud of soft earth instead of the rattling clang of the rocks we had been so long accustomed to. Then, suddenly, my horse was jerked almost to a standstill, the hand upon his bit seemingly as hard as my own, and I wheeled in the saddle, pressing my knees tightly to prevent being thrown, only to perceive the woman tugging desperately at the lines.

"What now?" I asked sharply, and in sudden anger I forced her to release her grasp. "We must ride, and ride hard, madam, to be out of this cordon by daylight."

"Ride where?"

She faced me stiffly, and there was a slight sting in her voice, I felt.

"Where?" I repeated; then partially gathering my scattered wits: "Why, to the camp we are seeking, of course."

I was conscious that her eyes were striving anxiously to see my face in the darkness—that her suspicions were now fully aroused; yet her quick retort surprised me.

"You lie!" she said, coldly. "That was a Federal picket he killed."

It was no time for argument, and I knew it. Craig, noting our pause, had ridden back, and reined in beside us without a word.

"You are right," I said, tersely. "In one sense of the word you are a prisoner, for the time being, at least, but not through any wish of mine. We do not make war on women, and your being in this situation is altogether an accident. However, be that as it may, we must first of all protect ourselves. I would very gladly leave you with your friends, if possible, but as things have shaped themselves there remains but one alternative—you must ride as I order."

"You—you are not Major Brennan's friend then? You were not sent by Frank to meet me?" The questions burst from her lips so rapidly that I scarcely caught their import.

"I am Captain Phillip Wayne, of the Virginia cavalry, at your service, madam," I said, calmly, "and to the best of my knowledge I have not the pleasure of Major Brennan's acquaintance."

She suddenly lifted the heavy riding whip that was clenched in her right hand, struck me with it full across the face, and then, as I quickly flung up my own arm to ward off a second blow, she sent the lash swirling down upon the flank of her horse. With one bound the maddened animal wrenched the reins from out my hands, nearly dragging me from the saddle, and swerving sharply to the left. There was a shock, a smothered oath, a moment's fierce struggle in the darkness, the sharp ping of the whip as it came down once, twice—then silence, broken only by deep breathing.

"I've got her, captain," chuckled the sergeant, softly, "but dog-gone if I know what to do with her."

There was small sentiment of mercy in my heart as I drew up toward them, for my cheek burned where the lash had struck as though scorched with fire; but when I saw her leaning helplessly forward on her horse's neck, all bravado gone, her hands pinned behind her in the iron grasp of the sergeant, my fierce resentment died away within me.

"Let her hands go, Craig," I commanded, briefly.

She lifted her body slightly from its cramped, uncomfortable posture, but her head remained bowed.

"Madam," I spoke sternly, for moments were of value now—"listen to what I say. We are Confederate soldiers passing through the Federal lines with dispatches. In order to save ourselves from discovery and capture we were compelled to take you in charge. It was the fortune of war. If now we could honorably leave you here we would most gladly do so, for having you with us adds vastly to our own danger; but these mountains are simply overrun with wandering guerrillas who would show you neither respect nor mercy. We simply dare not, as honorable men, leave you here unprotected, and consequently you must continue to ride in our company. Now answer me plainly, will you proceed quietly, or shall we be compelled to tie you to your horse?"

I knew she was crying; but with an effort she succeeded in steadying her voice sufficient to reply:

"I will go," she said.

"Thank you," and I gravely lifted my hat as I spoke. "You have saved

me a most unpleasant duty. You may ride on, sergeant; this lady and I will follow, as before."

She scarcely changed her posture as I spurred forward, riding now so close to her side that I could feel the flap of her saddle rise and fall against my knee. Whatever of evil she may have thought of us, I felt that she was sorry enough now for her hasty action, and I forgot the pain that yet stung me, and longed, without well knowing how, to tell her so.

(To Be Continued.)

## JACOB HEAGEY

Jacob Heagey, a life long resident of Butler township, died at his home, "Fairview," near Biglerville on Thursday, aged 84 years, 7 months and 4 days. Mr. Heagey was a well known farmer.

He leaves his wife, Mrs. Rebecca Heagey, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cronise, of near Frederick; three sons and three daughters: Dr. Henry F. C. Heagey, of Cochranville; George W. G. Heagey, of Gettysburg; J. F. R. Heagey, of Frederick; Mrs. Annie R. I. Seiss, of Graceham, Md.; Mrs. Elmina M. J. Rouzer, of York; Mrs. Hannah M. C. Reigle, of Bendersville and nineteen grandchildren: Dr. F. W. Heagey, Miss Annie R. Heagey, Mrs. Susan Miller, Miss M. E. Hill and Mamie I. Seiss, Willis Seiss, William H. Rouzer, Harvey W. Rouzer, Mrs. Esta Wilson, Mrs. Grace Moore, Mrs. Annie Goodermuth, Annie W. H. and Curtis Heagey, May, Bertha, Edna, Ruth and Chandler Heagey, four great grandchildren also survive: Frank Wilson, Ruth and Mary Seiss and Sara Miller. Mr. Heagey also leaves two sisters and one brother, Miss Mary A. Heagey and Calvin G. Heagey, of Gettysburg; and Mrs. Jane Keady, of Orrtanna.

Funeral from his late home at twelve o'clock, noon, Sunday. Interment in Evergreen cemetery, Gettysburg.

## CAPTAIN LESTER NELSON

Captain Lester Nelson, one of the best known residents of the vicinity of Edgemoor, died early Sunday morning, aged 74 years.

Death came to him while he was alone. His wife discovered his dead body when she went to call him, at the accustomed hour, Sunday morning. Captain Nelson had been a severe sufferer from asthma for a number of years and had made several trips to Florida for relief. A few days ago he contracted a cold and this became acute Saturday. Death apparently came to him as he slept.

Captain Nelson was born in Niagara county, New York, and was married in Lockport to a resident of the same county. He was a sea captain for a number of years.

After giving up the sea he lived in Washington, D. C., for some time and moved to Edgemoor nineteen years ago. There he engaged in fruit culture for a number of years, having very large orchards there. Recently he gave up this business and lived retired in his handsome home. He was appointed a notary public by Governor Goldsborough of Maryland and received his commission only six weeks ago.

## NOTICE

TO DELINQUENT TAXPAYERS  
All back taxes not paid to Wm. H. Frock by FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1912, will be collected by legal proceeding. Liens are directed to be entered against Real Estate, and other taxes are required to be collected according to law. This and previous notices given to save costs of adverse proceedings to taxpayers.

ROBERT E. WIBLE, atty., for Wm. H. Frock.



## Foot Moulded Ralston SHOES

Set the pace for style

The most exacting man adopts the Ralston for "his" after the first pair is once worn. In Ralstons are embodied style, character, elegance, comfort. The shoes—RALSTON SHOES—today and learn the lesson of wisdom.

### Scout Shoes for Men and Boys

Shoes for women in Blacks, Tans, White Canvas and Buck; Patent Leathers. The latest styles.

## O. H. LESTZ

Cor. Square and Carlisle St., Gettysburg, Pa.

## RUNK & PECKMAN'S REALTY REPORT.

Last week we sold the Wm. F. Lady farm in Franklin Twp., to J. Herman Broom, the Norman Swartz farm at Big Round Top to W. E. Smith of Franklin County and another farm that will be reported later. Now is a good time to buy while you can get your choice of select properties at fair prices. If you wait, someone else will have bought what you wanted.

If you intend to sell now is the time to list your properties with us. Don't ask us to advertise your property unless you want to sell. All we ask is a reasonable time and a fair price. If we do not effect a sale it will cost you nothing and you are at liberty to try someone else. Below we give a few properties just listed. If you don't find what you want ask for our catalogue and it will come by return mail:

76 acres—along Harrisburg Road 6 1/2 miles from Gettysburg. 6 acres timber, balance cultivated. 7 room brick house and outkitchen, frame barn in fair condition 35x50 hog pen, wagon shed, chicken house, smoke house etc. Orchard of 125 young trees 3 years old, other fruit \$2800.

103 acres—3 miles southwest of Biglerville, 20 acres planted in apple trees one and two years old, 50 old trees, 5000 catalpa trees 5 years old, timber land for wood, 15 acres of pasture with creek through, rich level loam soil, 9 room frame house 30x50, bank barn 44x24, all in good repair, fences first class \$7000.

156 acres—30 acres young timber and pasture with running water, balance rich loam soil, no shade on this farm. Located in Conewago Valley, one mile from New Chester, 4 miles from railroad station. 9 room brick house with halls, log bank barn 75 feet long, large hay shed 60x40, all other outbuildings, barn needs some repairs, near churches, store and school. This farm has been paying the owner who had it rented \$400 to \$500 per year. If you are a renter here is your chance to buy a farm that will pay for itself and increase its value \$5000.

## RUNK & PECKMAN,

REAL ESTATE OFFICE MASONIC BUILDING, GETTYSBURG, PA.

### Footpaths on Road to Peace.

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guideposts on the footpath of peace.—Henry Van Dyke

### Appropriate Course.

"So we're short on space? What shall I do with this appendix story?" "Cut it out." "And this story of the man who banged himself?" "Cut him down."

### BUSBEY—LANDIS

At a nuptial mass in St. Mary's church, McSherrystown, Sunday, June 23, at 9 a. m., Rev. James Smith married Francis Busbey, son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Busbey, of McSherrystown, and Miss Leonora K. Landis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Landis, of Hanover.

A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the groom. The house was beautifully decorated with potted plants, ferns and cut flowers.

The Leaders

G. W. WEAVER & SON

Gettysburg, Pa.

## REDUCTION SALE

# Spring Coats and Silk Dresses

WITH vacation days still ahead a Reduction Sale on all Spring Coats will surely attract the thoughtful woman who realizes the necessity of a warm light weight garment which can be slipped on over any costume. In this capricious climate: of ours, where Winter jumps into Summer and back again as quickly, it is really hazardous to be unprepared for driving, motoring or week-end trips to mountain or seashore.

The long Serge Coats are just the thing for satisfaction, and they are here in Navy, Black and Light Mixtures, and all of them right in cut and style.

That you may, at a great saving of money, possess one of these Coats, and we get them out of our stock to make room for the Fall garments, that will be arriving all too soon, we have marked them as follows:—

All	our	\$ 9.00	Coats	\$ 6.75	All	our	\$14.00	Coats	\$10.50
"	"	12.00	"	9.00	"	"	15.00	"	11.25
"	"	13.50	"	9.00	"	"	16.50	"	14.00

One lot that were \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00, go for \$7.50.

Another little lot we have marked at half-price.

Also we call attention to One Lot Silk Dresses; colors Plain, Changeable and Stripe, in Taffeta, Messaline and Silk Serge. We have bunched the lot and have made the price \$7.50 and \$13.50. These Dresses sold at from \$9.75 to \$17.50; and here is an opportunity for a saving and you will have a Dress suitable for any occasion.

The Leaders

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Gettysburg, Pa.



I Quickly Flung Up My Arm to Ward Off a Second Blow.

me a most unpleasant duty. You may ride on, sergeant; this lady and I will follow, as before."

She scarcely changed her posture as I spurred forward, riding now so close to her side that I could feel the flap of her saddle rise and fall against my knee. Whatever of evil she may have thought of us, I felt that she was sorry enough now for her hasty action, and I forgot the pain that yet stung me, and longed, without well knowing how, to tell her so.

(To Be Continued.)